

The History of

Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,
And shewd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prince. O God, they did me too much injury,
That ever said, I hearkned to your death :
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of *Douglas* over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the trecherous labour of your Sonne.

King. Make up to *Clifton*, i'le to *S. Nicholas Gomsey*. *Exit.*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*?

Prince. Thou speakest, as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy*.

Prince. Why then I see a very valiant Rebelle of that name.
I am the *Prince of Wales*; and thinke not, *Percy*,
To share with me in glory any more :

Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Spheare,
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the *Prince of Wales*.

Hot. Nor shall it *Harry* : for the houre is come,
To end the one of us ; and would to God,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine!

Prince. I'le make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all thy budding Honours on thy Crest
I'le crop, to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight. Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Well said, *Hal*, to it, *Hal*. Nay, you shall finde no Boyes
play heere, I can tell you.

*Enter Douglas : he fights with Falstaffe, he falls downe as
if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.*

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou hast rob'd me of my youth :
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then those proud Titles thou hast won of me,
They wound my thoughts worse then the sword my flesh :
But

Henry

But thought's the slave of li
And Time that takes survey
Must have a stop. O! I coul
But that the Earth, and col
Lies on my tongue : no *Per*
And food for—

Prince. For Worms, brav
Ill weav'd ambition : how
When that this body did co
A Kingdome for it, was
But now two paces of the
Is roome enough, this ear
Beares not alive so stout a
If thou wert sensible of c
I should not make so grea
at let my favours hide th
And even in thy behalfe, i
For doing these faire rite
Adieu, and take thy prai
Thy ignominy sleepe with
But not remembred in thy

He spieth Fal

What, old acquaintance,
Keepe in a little life? poe
I could have better spar'd
O, I should have a heavy r
If I were much in love w
Death hath not strooke fo
Though many dearer in t
Imboweld will I see thee
Till then, in blood by nobl

Falst

Fal. Imboweld? if tho
leave to powder me, and e
time to counterfeit, or th
scot and lot too. Counter
be a counterfeit, for he i
hath not the life of a man;